

Dirty Deeds by Chocolate Boy

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Summary: Billy was fire and heat. Steve was soft kisses and romance. How could a girl choose between the two? Not cool. Billy/OC/Steve

1. Chapter 1

Thank you all for reading.

"Dirty Deeds"

Detention.

Detention?

In all twelve years of my academic career I never had detention – never had seen the inside of a principal's office, never had to clap chalkboard erasers. Geeze, my record was so spotless it would glitter in the sunlight. I took pride in that. I took pride in being a role model student for both my peers and underlings. Two little words destroyed my perfect performance and I think we all know who.

Billy Hargrove, literal scum of the Earth.

"You gonna say anything to me?" Billy asked. He sat behind the teacher's desk, reclining deeply into the seat as if this were his very own Science classroom. He'd even went as far as to writing 'Mr. Hargrove' on the chalkboard behind him. He snapped his fingers in my direction and I sunk a little deeper in my chair. "*Hello!*" he scoffed. "Isn't that a peach. You had so much to say this morning and now that we're in this goddamn shit-hole you're taking up some kind of vow of silence?"

"Yes," I replied flatly. "We have fifty-six minutes left of this torture. I'd like to spend those minutes in quiet please."

"This your first time?"

"Thanks to you."

The disgust smeared across his features hardly affected me. Billy's opinion of me wasn't something I particularly cared about. "That's so unnatural it's a little scary. You deserve an award," he said. I had one already. Exemplary Behavior. Got it in 7th grade. The teacher even threw me an ice cream bash because of it. Didn't mean he needed to know anything about me though. "I see the inside of these four walls

more than my bedroom."

"Something tells me that's not hyperbole."

Wonderful silence swept away our conversation and I couldn't have been happier. AP Calculus was far more interesting anyway. I buried my face into my homework while Billy... pierced into the depths of my inner most being. Relentlessly. I could feel his sight burning into me so badly that I hoped he didn't leave a bald spot in the middle of my head. I ignored him and ignored and ignored and ignored but I couldn't take it anymore. Who could solve for X in this kind of toxic environment?

"Stop it!" I slammed my pencil onto the desk and gave him my attention. "What do you want?!"

"You know, I was just thinking..." He tossed a colorful ball of rubberbands from one hand to the other. "If this is your first time dealing with the constricting shackles of school discipline, how many other firsts-"

"Just shut up, okay? Shut up." I hopped from my seat, screaming far louder than I intended. I don't know what came over me, but I knew this situation was the epitome of unbearable. Prisoners of War had it easier. "This next hour will go by totally faster if you zip your lips. Bag it!"

His grin dropped and his baby blues burned with a look I'd seen before. Drunken dipshits at parties had given me this glossy wicked gaze but they weren't on the same notch as Billy. This was something he had perfected.

"Say that again to me," he hissed. "I dare you."

I hadn't realized how close I'd gotten to him until Billy leaned over the teachers desk. I could see the thickness of his eyelashes, the stubble barely forming over his jaw, the sheen of wetness on his lips.

"Bag it, Hargrove."

His fingers gripped the polished wood hard enough to leave smudges. "How about you make me, pussycat."

This was wrong. Totally not PG. I wanted to turn away and ignore him. I should've. I don't know what made me stay. I guess it was my own ego, not wanting to let him win. For Lucas' sake. If I wanted this a-hole to leave my brother alone, I had to be fearless.

"Don't call me that."

"I'm done with your shit, *Kaitlin Sinclair*," he said my name with a particular grade of heat that I'd never heard used when saying it before. "You punched me today. Your dirty hand actually hit my face."

"Keep your hands off my brother and we won't have that problem."

"Do you know what happens when freakazoid nerds like you catch the eye of someone like me?"

Not really.

"They get detention?"

"Natural selection." Billy's lips curled into crude smirk. "Put your hands up."

He took a quick step backwards and our faces were no longer inches apart. I was now staring at his hands. Namely, the green rubber-band stretched between his index finger and thumb. It was like a gun, threatening to shoot without remorse if I so much as stepped out of line.

"Get that out my face, Billy," I warned. "Now."

"Put your hands up, Sinclair."

The idea of getting hit with a rubber-band totally sucked so reluctantly I followed his orders. I raised my hands to either side of my face. But I knew there would be more demands. He wouldn't be a gracious winner.

"Good," he said. "Now apologize."

"For what? You totally deserved it."

"That's bull, Sinclair, and you know it. That shit happened almost four months ago."

"Does it look like I care?"

"No, it looks like you're gonna get-"

Pop!

The sting of the rubber-band lashed against the middle of my head and I yelped out of shock. He hit me in the face. He actually did that to me and now had the nerve to mimic the sound of an arcade game's winning theme. How immature could one person be?

And just like that rubber-band, I snapped.

"Do you want to die?" I lunged for the ruler on the teachers desk. I held it outwards like a blade as I cautiously stepped around the desk to Billy. "Because you're as good as dead."

"You don't need to measure, I'll answer it for you," Billy said. With every step I took forward, he took one back. "It's seven and a half inches."

I screamed a battle cry as I charged at Billy like I was a part of the British Calvary. My strikes against his body were harsh and repetitive. He was going to die. Plain and simple. As soon as he stopped laughing at me like a hyena, he'd be dead.

"What's going on in here?"

Whipping my hand behind my back, I tried concealing my assault weapon from Mrs. Peterson. She was supposed to be our supervision for detention today, but had been running late for the first twenty minutes. As fate would have it, she showed up at the most inopportune moment of my life. I was about as lucky as the Griswold Family.

"Nothing," I squeaked. "We were just playing."

"Tell her, Kaitlin!" Billy said, running to the side of Mrs. Peterson. He gripped his shoulder, grunting as if he were in some kind of pain.

"Tell her how you beat me with a ruler."

Mrs. Peterson shrieked. Her hand clutched the fake pearls of her necklace. "Miss Sinclair!"

"I-I-I..." I stammered. What was there to say? Dammit. "I..."

"That's why we're in here in the first place. She hit me before first period too." Billy had no problem narcing. "That's why I'm unjustly in here. If you didn't come sooner, Maria, I don't know what would've happened to me." He wrapped an arm around the teacher's shoulder and I could've barfed at the performance. "She said she wanted to kill me."

"But he hit me with a rubber-band!"

"Really, Kaitlin," Billy said. "How much of a liar are you?"

"It's okay, it's okay, calm down, Billy." Mrs. Peterson cooed, rubbing Billy's back up and down, up and down. Then in small methodical circles. This. Was. Weird. And did he call her Maria? What student called their teacher by their first name? "You've endured enough trauma for today. I'm expunging your detention. Go home and get some rest."

Billy smiled and my insides liquified. Lying bastard. "Thank you."

"You on the other hand, Kaitlin!" Mrs. Peterson turned to me with a scornful gaze. "This is so unlike you. What were you thinking? Sit down and next time keep your hands to yourself. Tell your parents to be expecting a call from me."

I did as I was told. I sat down back in my original seat and watched Billy gather his things (a carton of cigarettes) and leave. This man was untouchable. A wad of gum stuck in my hair that I would have to cut out. He closed the door behind him, but made sure I saw him turn around and look at me through the glass window of the door.

He watched me stew in my anger and threw kerosene on the embers. He gave me another infamous smile that drastically foiled the previous act he performed for the teacher's sympathy. I could've screamed. He winked and left me to rot in jail for a crime that was

his fault while he soared freely like a bird.

UGH!

I hated him.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

Could a woman watch *Purple Rain* in peace!?

Every bit of my annoyance culminated into a scream targeted at my little brother. "Lucas!" I was sure everyone on the block heard me so that definitely meant that the dweeb in the basement did too. "Answer the door!"

Lucas' footsteps rocketed up the basement stairs and he flung the door open.

"Seriously?" he whined. "You're not even supposed to be watching this."

"I don't want to hear it."

"The door is three feet away from you." He hit the back of my head as he passed me. "Butthead."

If I could've reached him from my position on the couch Lucas would've been eating my fist. Tossing my popcorn at him was my only means of retaliation. Could he answer the door more slowly? Did he not care that he was interrupting Prince?

"Did you get it!?" was Lucas' greeting to Dustin.

"Hell yeah." Dustin was nothing but smiles. He held up the newest D&D edition that my brother hadn't shut up about for the last two weeks. "I present to you the Master Rules!"

"Sweet!"

Behind the curly head kid was Steve. He fist bumped my brother on his way to the couch and hopped onto the open space beside me. With one look my way Steve clutched his chest and nearly jumped out of his skin. "Jesus. What the hell is on your face?"

"Avocado and oatmeal." Duh.

"I like the new look, Kaitlin." Dustin gave my face mask a thumbs up. "I'm sensing some Incredible Hulk inspiration."

Lucas thinned his lips and shrugged. "It does a good job hiding the ugly."

I lunged over the length of the couch, but Dustin and my brother were running into the basement before I could snatch one of them into my grasp. "That's right, you better run!" I screeched at their backs before the door slammed behind them. Good, they were gone. Now all that was left to deal with was Steve. At least he was sensible.

"You know what I think?" Steve asked. He gave me a pat on the shoulder. "I think you're beautiful, no, *stunning*. Perfection personified."

He was laying it on thicker than my face mask. "Tell me something I don't know."

His bushy eyebrows jumped while he nodded his head and his breath got caught into his throat. A pitchy, cartoonish voice replaced Steve's usual smooth tone. "Those Hawkins hotties, they don't even compete. Not even close."

I sighed, throwing the tv remote onto the table. I had a funny feeling I wouldn't be watching Prince and Appollonia tonight. "What do you want Steve?"

The muscles in his shoulders slacked and Steve deflated, letting out a long exhale. "Okay, you know about the Seniors only party at the carnival tonight?"

Of course I knew. Every New Year the city held a carnival and the last night was always exclusive to Hawkins High Seniors. Tonight marked the last day. In a few hours class of '85 would partying it up, riding carnival rides and getting totally wasted. The idea of going crossed my mind, but I just didn't feel up to it.

"I want you to come with me and before you ask, no, it isn't a date." Steve tried saying his next words so I couldn't decipher it, but in no way did it work. "But if Nancy or Jonathan ask then yeah, it's a date."

"Oh my god. You're using me as a jealousy pawn?"

Nancy and Steve had been pretty heavy. Or so I thought. One day Steve was out and Jonathan was her new beau. Maybe she was going through a tortured artist phase? The tangled webs of their love life was something I had no desire to be a part of.

"It's not like that! I just don't want to go alone."

"Then go with any of the other girls you dated before Nancy. God knows how long that list is."

"Yeah! And if memory serves me correctly you're on that list too."

"It was Kindergarten! Nobody counts Kindergarten!"

"You were my first love, Kat, and you broke my heart just like you're doing now if you don't platonically go out with me." First love was such a stretch. Steve and I 'dated' for an entire two days. We bonded over our passions for juice boxes and playdoh. I've had colds that lasted longer than we did. But we've been friends ever since. "I don't want her to think I'm still into her."

"Are you?"

"No! I didn't think so at first but when I saw them at the winter formal..." Shifting in his seat, Steve fidgeted so much it even made *me* uncomfortable. "We're done. I can feel it and I want her to be happy, you know? And I don't want her to see me and think I'm a pitiful sack of shit when she does. I want her to know that I'm happy too."

I blinked. "*Are you?*"

"I will be." Taking me by the hand, Steve gave me the saddest pair of brown puppy dog eyes. I don't think my heart could take it. "If you go with me. Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaassssseee."

Wow. My answer was easier than I thought it would be.

"No."

...

The colorful lights of the carnival tinged the night sky with a glow that almost made you think it was still daylight. Heavy duty guitar riffs and thudding drumlines of rock music pounded against my skin and tricked my heart to match the tempo of the song. I'd been hoodwinked and bamboozled into going out with Steve. But if I were being honest, I was having a lot of fun. Being forced to go turned out to be a good thing. Just don't tell anyone I said that.

I took a sip of my drink. Rebel Juice was what they called it. And while I couldn't pinpoint what mixtures of alcohol formed the cerulean concoction, I knew it made me feel warm on the inside of my chest. I knew it made my body sway to the music. And I knew it made Steve believe he was He-man.

"You can do it, Steve! You got this," I applauded, becoming his very own cheerleader. Steve approached the Test Your Strength rig with a silent determination. He twirled the a large mallet in his hand and gave me a final ooey-gooey smile. "Whooo!"

Pulling his hands high over his head, Steve slammed the mallet onto the target with all of his might. We both watched breathlessly as his score tabulated. A white puck shot up the tower and I don't think either one of us were expecting the result.

Sissy.

He didn't get very far up the tower. To be honest he didn't even make it halfway.

"We have ourselves a sissy here, folks!" the operator yelled. I didn't think anyone heard him over the music, but the look on Steve's face was awful. Just awful. My heart broke for him.

"Let me do it again," Steve grit, digging into his pocket to pull out another dollar. He slammed it against the operator's chest. Again, he hit the target and again he received the same degraded answer. Sissy.

Now this was becoming embarrassing.

Maybe I could offer him some reassurance. "Hey listen, Steve, we can just-"

"Let me do it again, I have to do it again." His words were slurred and sloppy. He snatched the drink I'd been holding for him out of my hands and tried to down it. More alcohol went onto the ground than into his mouth. He threw his cup carelessly. "Can you give me a dollar?"

"I'm starving." I took him by the arm. "Let's get funnel cake! They're like pancakes but not."

"I don't want a damn funnel cake, Kat."

"No problem! Let's dance," I said. "I put David Bowie to shame."

"You're the smartest person I know, how can you possibly not get it," he breathed and it sounded like a helpless cry. "She's. Not. Here."

He pushed himself off me and began hitting the lever over and over again. This felt violent and really killed every bit of fun I'd been having. Steve was drunk. And making a scene. And potentially humiliating the both of us.

I didn't know what to do. I'd never seen Steve act so desperate and I certainly hadn't felt anything like what he was feeling so what was the best way to handle it? Clearly this was cathartic for him in some repressed anger kind of way, but was it okay for me to intervene because this wasn't a good look for me? Or was that selfish?

"Is it because I'm a sissy that she doesn't want me?" Another swing of his mallet.

"He takes pictures, what like that's so hard? Good luck making money off that, poseur." Another swing.

"Stop it, Steve! Chill out." I couldn't take it anymore. "Don't embarrass me."

"Whatever. It's not like I give a shit. This game is rigged anyway." Steve practically threw the mallet at the operator. "You don't get it, Kaitlin. You live in a perfect world where you get perfect grades and you can wear your perfect banana masks-"

"Avocado."

"Whatever." I wanted to think that maybe it was just the alcohol talking and not my friend, but his next words hurt me nonetheless. "Maybe if you stopped being a goddamn robot for once you could understand what it's like to not be good enough. Not for school, not for college, not for jobs, not for girls."

He stormed away from me, into a crowd of Upperclassmen that were hanging out in the food area. He was moving at a pace far too fast for me to keep up and seriously, I didn't know if I wanted to go after him.

"Where are you going?" I gave him one final attempt to stay by my side. How could he ditch me right now?

He waved his hand in the air to me. It felt like a major backhand. "To chill out."

Let me know who you're siding with! Is Kaitlin being selfish? Does Steve need to pull it together? Do they both need to take a chill pill?

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3

One beer. Two beers... three beers... four...

Billy threw back the last bits of alcohol in his cup and crushed the red plastic beneath his feet after it was empty. He needed another beer. Or something to spice up the lackluster night. Billy may have had a decent looking babe on his arm and a ninety-three percent chance of getting ass, but the carnival was a dud. A bore.

"Christie," he said, addressing his arm candy, a lanky blonde with legs for days and two mosquito bites beneath her Calvin Klein sweatshirt. "Get me a drink."

Christie scoffed. "You're joking."

He really hated having to ask twice. So he didn't. "I don't know, does it look like I have red hair and pass out happy-meals. Do I look like a clown to you?"

"No..."

"Then give me something to think about and let me watch you walk away as you get me a drink." With a sly smile and a wink of his eye, Billy knew Christie would do anything and everything he ever asked. "Come on, I'll make it up to you tonight."

The blonde didn't put up a fight and did as she was told. Christ it was almost pathetic how every girl bended to his will like they were elastic. The skanks of Hawkins were like playdoh, Billy could literally mold them into anything he wanted.

He reached into the back of his pocket and pulled out a pack of cigarettes. Nights like tonight left a bad taste in his mouth that only menthol could cure. He fucking missed Cali. The half-naked babes, the bonfires beneath a bed of stars. Indiana didn't even have actual beaches. What the fuck was a great lake? He'd been in living in a dump for over half a year now and he still hadn't felt anything other

than the stale buzz of cheap ale. Where were the sparks? The magic?

He lit his cigarette and took a drag. Where the hell was Christie at with his beer? Goddammit he'd do it himself. Turns out the women of Hawkins were also useless.

Billy couldn't have taken more than ten steps before stopping dead in his tracks. On the trek to finding the nearest keg to bleed dry, the sight of Kaitlin Sinclair caught his eye. A low curse escaped his lips. That woman was like shit under his shoe – he couldn't take a goddamn step without being reminded of the smell.

Kaitlin danced freely in a crowd of seniors who all attempted to keep up. Her hips swirled like the song was made specifically with her in mind. The smile on her face, the way she filled out her denim skirt, she looked lost in the song. Free and happy. Everything Billy wasn't.

He saw the wolfish looks men gave her. Every other senior was her bitch. Did *she* know notice the attention she was getting? She was a snack begging to be devoured.

He needed to protect her from that.

He blended into the dense group of dancing Seniors and matched the rhythm of the song he wasn't familiar with. Kaitlin sang the lyrics loud and proud, putting on her own performance without charging a dime. The way she grinded her body was lethal.

"I just wanna be your lovergirrrrrrrl!" Her tune hardly matched the key of the song.

"I feel cheated," he whispered. His fingers barely grazed her hips before she instantly jumped from his touch. "Is this the same Kaitlin from detention?"

Her soft brown eyes had a light Billy was far too familiar with. He could smell the fruity alcohol on her before she even spoke. Little Miss Sinclair was letting loose. He was impressed. "Oh look, another buzzkill, great."

"Buzzkill? I *am* the party, Sinclair."

"How can you be the party, when I'm the party!" She snatched his ray bans from his face and fumbled to put them on. He had to admit, she didn't look half bad. "Why are you bothering me? There are like fifty bagillion other people here. It's like you want me to punch you in your face again."

"Can't keep your hands off me," he laughed. "I should be surprised but then again, look at me."

She stuck her finger down her throat and made noises like she was hurling. "Barf."

With a flip of her hair, Kaitlin stumbled away from Billy like he wasn't worth her time. How could she dance without fault but not walk a straight line without her drunkenness besting her?

He went after her. It wasn't like he had any other choice. He had a reputation to uphold. How would everyone look at him knowing that not only did he get clobbered by Kaitlin Sinclair, but also couldn't hold a conversation with her. Status meant everything. Everyone knew that.

"So where are we going?" He threw his arm around her casually and squeezed her shoulder tight. Not only did it prevent her from leaving, but he made sure she didn't crash to the ground. He could be nice when he wanted to.

"*I'm* going to find Samantha and ask her if she can take me home."

"Home? It's not even midnight yet and you're bailing?"

"It's a school night and-"

"Whatever you were about to say is already putting me to sleep. Let's have some fun, you and me."

"There is no you and me, Billy, just like there isn't a me and Steve. You ditched me in detention and he ditched me tonight so fuck both of you. And I like, never even talk like that about anyone but I totally mean it. Fuck Steve Harrington."

So the bitchy gossip was true. Billy heard from a friend who heard

from a friend who heard from his girlfriend that Steve broke up with her tonight. Billy feigned concern and kept his grin to himself.

"About Steve," he sighed. "Want me to kick his ass?"

"No," she slurred. "Life does that enough."

"You pig!" A high pitched shrill voice screeched in Billy's ears. How a voice managed to overpower subwoofers and surround sound was felt implausible, but Christie managed to do it. She snatched him away from Kaitlin. Her nails dug into his arm. "You're a dirty rotten pig, you know that?"

Billy may not have been able to see Kaitlin's eyes beneath his glasses, but he could tell she was stunned. Her body tensed while her mouth hung open.

"Me?" Kaitlin was the definition of a deer in headlights. "I don't even know you."

"Just because you got dumped today doesn't mean you get to steal my man. Get your own."

"Nobody dumped me."

"Hold up." Billy pulled himself from Christie's touch. They may have had their fair share of fun, but she hadn't earned a title. "You think *I'm* with you?"

"Duh." Christie gasped. "We came here together."

"You mean absolutely nothing to me. Less than nothing."

Christie threw her beer and Billy was shocked when it didn't land on him. "Bitch," Christie yelled as the drink splashed in Kaitlin's face and ruined her clothes. He could feel the eyes of all the seniors watching them and Billy didn't do a single thing. Why should he? From the outside looking in it looked like two girls were fighting over him. Who gave a fuck what the truth was.

Christie turned around and marched away while Kaitlin stood silent. How anticlimactic was that? He was the only who could get a punch

in the face from her?

"Wow," Kaitlin sighed. Billy could hear the hurt in her voice. The strain of her words. Jesus, he hoped she didn't cry. She wiped the alcohol dripping from her face and left Billy actually feeling sorry for her. "I didn't even want to come here tonight."

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Steve was an asshole.

"You're an asshole!" Dustin said as he grabbed a slice of pizza from the open box on the restaurant table. He took a bite, tendrils of mozzarella pulling from the slice of pineapple and ham. Casually, he scorned Steve about his behavior between mouthfuls. "What did she do to deserve that?"

Steve gave it some thought and tried covering his ass.

"Well...um...she..." he trailed off. What *did* she do? He slapped the table once he found an excuse. "She called me embarrassing. In front of like the whole Senior class. You guys may not know it now because you're not adults but that's like a major diss."

"And?" Mike scoffed. He pointed to Dustin and then to Will. Steve didn't know how it happened, but somehow four preteens had become his closest friends. "We call each other names all the time."

"Yeah!" Will said, taking a gulp of his soda. "Like just yesterday Mike called Dustin a...a...what did you call him?"

"I said that his feet smelled like-"

"Anyway!" Dustin didn't give Mike the chance to finish his insult. "You and Kaitlin are friends. Friends don't ditch friends. Especially if they're doing you a favor."

Steve sunk lower in his seat until he practically became the chair. The space behind his chest felt hollow. What he did to Kaitlin was uncool and made him not only an asshole, but a *major* asshole. It didn't matter that he was drunk, or that after he left he went to find her and never could, his actions were sucky and he needed to apologize.

"Who's idea was it to get pineapple and ham?" Steve didn't bother taking a bite of the pizza slice on his plate. Orange grease may have

glistened against its cheese, but he wasn't fooled. "You kids are gross."

On cue, Will let out a monstrous burp. This had to have come from deep inside of him. Steve could feel the kid's burp attempting to dishevel his perfectly coiffed hair. Thank god for holding spray.

"Sweeeet." Mike congratulated Will with a high five. "You almost beat Lucas' high score with that."

Wait, what? It didn't take Steve long to put two and two together. "You guys have burping contests?"

Dustin's eyes hovered over Steve's shoulder. "You guys-"

"Yup," Mike answered. "We score on loudness, depth, and length."

"Guys-"

Will let out another burp. This one was far tinier than its predecessor but it was enough to cut off Dustin again. "So far Lucas has the longest run with nine seconds."

That was nothing. Child's play.

"I can beat that," Steve challenged. "Watch the master at work."

"Steve Harrington." A hard pat came down on Steve's shoulder and gripped into him without remorse. He didn't need to put a face to the voice. Steve knew which douchebag he was speaking to. "How's the bitch of Hawkins doing?"

"Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit." Dustin tugged the bill of his baseball hat over his eyes. "Nobody listens to me."

Steve jumped to his feet and knocked away the hand on his shoulder. He stood face to face with the literal scum of the Earth and wasn't going to back down. His day may have been shitty but Steve wasn't going to allow it to become any worse. "What are you doing here, Billy?"

"Calm down, Harrington I'm not here to fight. It's a pizzeria. Who has time to black eyes when you can eat," Billy's eyes lingered onto the

food they'd consumed. "Pineapple and ham? Do you losers go out of your way to be weird or is it just ingrained?"

"Say what you came here for and go."

"Kaitlin Sinclair," he said. "You seen her?"

What would Billy need Kaitlin for?

Steve ignored the question and swallowed the nodule in his throat. He knew Kaitlin didn't frequent with people like Billy so there wasn't a need to worry.

"No."

Kaitlin was a ghost today. She didn't show up at school (thus missing out on the flowers Steve bought her) and when Steve called her house Lucas said she was sick. Steve took it at face value. Last night was freezing, maybe she came down with something. But now, with the sadistic glint in Billy's eyes, Steve was beginning to think that Kaitlin wasn't sick at all.

"I gotta say, Harrington, what you pulled last night on her, whew!" Billy howled. "Took a page out of my book, I'm flattered."

"It's funny that you actually think you're smart enough to write a book."

"If you don't mind me asking, you through with that? I know we're not exactly friends but I mean hey, code is code."

Steve never heard another man talk about Kaitlin like she was a piece of meat. Never once heard someone allude to finding her attractive let alone wanting to sleep with her. It was odd and Steve wasn't sure how to react. Sure, he was mad but wasn't sure why. They weren't going out so technically he shouldn't have cared.

"We're just friends." Steve hated saying his answer, but he did it out of respect for Kaitlin.

"So she's fair game." Billy's grin was vicious. "Interesting."

"Stay away from her."

"Now come on, Harrington, that doesn't sound like *just friends* to me."

Steve was expecting things to escalate into a fight. His fingers were slowly curling into fists, he could feel his pulse throbbing between his ears and somehow anger managed to be the only thing he allowed himself to feel. But then Billy did the unthinkable. He backed down.

"Alright," he said. "If you do happen to see her let her know I'm looking for her. She has something of mine."

With that Billy left and Steve had questions upon questions orbiting his brain like stars. Since when did Billy and Kaitlin become friends? Why did she have something of his? *What* was that something? And what the hell happened after he left her during the carnival?

"Have fun without me," Steve said, tossing money onto the table to pay for the kids' food. He picked up his grey windbreaker and made a B-line to his car. His mind wouldn't rest until he got answers and he was going to get them straight from the source.

5. Chapter 5

Chapter 5

Life sucked and I literally didn't care about anything. Not school. Not grades. Not boys with sucky hair. Anything!

"What's wrong, sweetie?"

And I *totally* didn't care about shitty family dinners with my brother's girlfriend. Talk about yawnfest.

"Nothing." My smile was faker than the instant potatoes mom called dinner. Could I really say what was on my mind? That I had to fake being sick just to avoid drama? *Yeah mom, last night I got hammered and then some lanky blonde with sex hair threw a beer in my face in front of everyone, could you please pass the green beans.*

I stabbed my food with a fork and tried my best to make it through dinner. "We're all just kind of sitting here in silence so I respected the awkward tension."

Erica snickered. "We could try and cut it with a knife."

Max contained her laugh between her cheeks, using her fist to keep the giggle at bay. At least someone had a sense of humor. Mom and dad gave Erica and I a tried and true *parent* look – one that told us to behave without even saying a word. Great. I mouthed an apology to them and kept my head down.

"So Max," my dad said. "Lucas tells me you like to skateboard."

Lucas' grin took over his face. "She's awesome. You should see her dad. She could go pro."

Max's smile was small as she tucked her hair behind her ear. It was odd sitting across from Billy's sister. She wasn't anything like her brother. Max was chill and kind and straightforward. "Girl's can't go pro."

"You could be the first."

"I started about a year ago, Mr. Sinclair," Max said. "Back when we lived in Pasadena."

"And what brought you to Indiana," my mom asked. Good going guys. This was our first dinner with Max and they were unintentionally drilling her with questions. "California is a great state so I've heard. Beaches. Weather. Fonzie."

Dear god.

"Will you excuse me?" I stood from my seat. I'd already been planning on bailing, but this was becoming too much so I needed to execute my schemes way earlier than initially anticipated. "I'm started to feel lightheaded. I'm gonna go get some air."

Did I wait for my parents' permission? Nope. The stuffiness in that room could've choked a girl like me to death.

"Take me with you!" Erica wheezed as she tried latching onto my arm. No way was I going to assist in her escape. She was smart. She could figure it out on her own.

I walked from that dining table, through the living room and out the front door. Fresh air greeted me as I stood on the porch. There was no more snow on the streets. Trees were beginning to sprout green. While it may have been cold, it wasn't the type that made your limbs ache for warmth. Winter was softening to spring. Finally. The arrival of spring meant that I only had a few more months left of high school and then I was done.

I inhaled until I felt like my lungs were gonna burst at the seams and then I just held it. The burning of my chest, the turning of air to carbon, I fused all of that with the drama I'd been holding onto. Everything was going to be okay. Everything was temporary and would become nonexistent soon enough. With that I finally exhaled out all the toxicity that'd been eating at me. It was over.

"Meditating, Sinclair?"

Of course it wasn't over. My life couldn't get any worse.

Billy flashed me a smile as he stood at the bottom of the porch steps.

He dug into his jeans and I was sure he was reaching for his lighter. How long had he been out here?

"Stalker much?"

"You didn't hear my car or me walk up your drive way that's your problem."

"Doesn't explain why you're here."

"Max is in there right? Big family dinner and all that?"

Good point. Our siblings liking each other gave him a prime excuse to bother me.

"Yup," I said. "She's in there. We're all one big happy family."

His free hand tousled his blonde hair. "It's all bullshit. Bullshit smalltalk, bullshit meals-

"Bullshit pretending to care."

He nodded.

I wrapped my arms over myself. Not only to protect myself from the cold, but from the silence lingering between us.

"Why do you keep bothering me?"

"I'll get back to you on that one, Kaitlin, because I'm not so sure."

"I'm serious."

"So am I."

"I could run inside right now, tell my parents everything you've done to Lucas and watch your ass literally become grass."

"You wouldn't do that."

"Yeah, and why not?"

"Because you like me too much."

Barf me out, Billy was an idiot. Just like everyone else in this idiot town.

My feet flew down the porch steps to meet up with him at the landing. I yanked the zippo out his hands before he got the chance to light the filthy cigarette dangling from his lips. I was beginning to think he was born with one in his mouth. "Go away."

"Can't," he said. "You have something of mine. I want it back."

"You want to die of lung cancer fine! Here you go!" I shoved his lighter into the pockets of his jeans and that was such a mistake. I tried removing my hand but Billy's own fingers wrapped around my wrist and held me there. I could've froze, died right on the spot, but the heat emanating from Billy's inner thigh mixed with his words made my heart beat so fast I was constantly reminded of just how alive I was. Who needed defibrillators when you have a man like Billy whispering into your ear.

"Not that, sweetheart." His voice was low and could turn liquid nitrogen to steam. My knees were beginning to do this thing where I thought they wouldn't be able to support my bodyweight any more and were going to cave in on me. "I need my Ray Bans. You took off with them at the party."

"Oh yeah."

"*Oh yeaah.*" he mocked my words. Silly me. "You think you could get those for me?"

"I will as soon as you let go of my wrist, Billy Hargrove."

"I let go of you thirty seconds ago, Kaitlin Sinclair." His laugh was as easy as the breeze flowing between us. I looked down and surely enough his hand was no longer keeping me captive. He tilted my chin upward to meet his ocean blue eyes. "You're shy, I'm cool with that. But if you want, you can reach a little deeper." He eased into me, my hand naturally slipping further into his jeans. I held back the urge to do exactly as he instructed me which was much harder than I wanted to admit. Why was I enjoying this so much? "Tell me what you find down there."

"Stop playing with me."

"Get real, Sinclair, I think you and I both know I haven't played with you," he said with a sigh that turned his lips into a light smile. "We should hang out sometime."

What?

My heart fluttered and my words came out like a idiot who was unsure of who they were. "Like a date?"

"What the hell are you doing?"

That voice sounded a lot like Steve's...

"For the fucking love of god, Harrington!" Billy yelled. He peeled himself away from me and turned to the man barging up my driveway.

It was Steve.

Thanks so much for reading. Let me know who you ship Kaitlin with more. Billy or Steve?

6. Chapter 6

I can't believe all the feedback I've gotten for last chapter! Wowza. Thank you all so much. In terms of shipping.

Billy 5 – Steve 1

I'm the only Steve shipper around here!

Threesome 1

And I'm not opposed to a threesome either. Hmm...

Chapter 6

This was so wrong. This was so wrong. This was so wrong.

Steve Harrington marched up the Sinclair Residence's driveway with rage blinding his vision and war pulsating through his veins. The sight before his eyes was unethical and nightmarish. Billy Hargrove and Kaitlin were *this* close to each other's lips. Oh yeah, that's right, Steve saw it all. The smiles. The longing gazes. The heat. There might as well have been little pink and red hearts dancing around their goddamn heads. There was only one logical thing that could happen now.

Steve was going to kick Billy's ass.

"What the hell are you doing?" The bass in Steve's voice surprised him. His question was meant for the both of them, but Billy answered.

"For the fucking love of God, Harrington," Billy's voice echoed into the night. He pulled himself away from Kaitlin and faced Steve head on. He threw his leather jacket onto the grass barbarically and pulled his shoulders back. Steve knew that tactic and it wasn't going to work. That alpha male bullshit wasn't intimidating. "You just don't know when to quit."

"You guys, seriously? Bag it!" Kaitlin hushed. She stood behind Billy, wrapping her arms around the exposed portion of his torso to keep

him in place. While the move may have been innocent enough in her eyes, it absolutely enraged Steve and he could tell Billy loved every second of it. "If my parents come out here we're all dead."

"I thought I told you to stay away from her." Steve stood face to face with evil incarnate, ready to take him down.

"And why would you do that?" Kaitlin asked.

"Good question, Kaitlin." Billy hissed as he placed his own hands on top of hers. He tilted his head towards Kaitlin and chuckled. "I think it's because he likes you. Isn't that right, Steve?"

Steve watched as Kaitlin lowered her eyes to the pavement. She bit her lip and kept her voice low. "Oh."

Oh. *Oh?* That's all she had to say? That literally could've meant just about anything.

Oh, that's weird.

Or.

Oh, I feel the same way.

Or how about.

Oh, I want some pizza.

What the hell could Steve do with her response other than not say anything at all? Did Steve like Kaitlin? No... no! Sure, she was intelligent and a mega babe and when they laughed everything suddenly felt real, but so what? The fact of the matter was... it was...

"This is too good. Do you see his face!" Billy wheezed out a laugh. Suddenly Steve became hyper aware of everything. How the anger in his heart dissipated and became replaced with a gunky green feeling. His mouth was so dry his tongue was stuck to the roof of his mouth. His cheeks were so hot he thought they were going to get third degree burns. "Give it up man. This is becoming pathetic. I almost feel badly for you. Almost." Billy's laugh stopped abruptly and a sinister warn took over. "Leave."

Steve hated to admit it, but Billy was right. He was acting like a jealous asshole and for nothing. Kaitlin was her own woman. If she wanted to hang with the likes of someone like Billy that was on her. If he was unwanted then he could leave.

"Wait," Kaitlin said. She picked up Billy's leather jacket and handed it to him. "See you tomorrow, Billy. I'll give you your glasses at lunch."

Steve couldn't believe what he was hearing and neither could Billy apparently.

"Is that how we're playing this? With you choosing him over me?"

"Don't make a scene, Hargrove, I'm trying to keep the peace. You will get your glasses back at lunch. Goodnight."

"I like that in you, pussycat. Let's play." Billy said as he shoved both of his hands against Steve's shoulders. The brutal push knocked Steve hard to his ass and gave Billy the opportunity to make him feel even more like a wimp. Steve caught sight of the bottom of Billy's boots as he stepped over him. "Sweet dreams, Sinclair."

Steve's vision of the night sky was overtaken by Kaitlin's soft features. The tips of her loose curls graze the sides of his face as she bent over and extended a hand for him to take. He accepted her offer and she helped lift him back onto his feet.

"Fix your hair." Kaitlin ran her fingers through Steve's hair and smoothed away the misplaced strands. "You have to tell me what products you use because there's no way your hair should be softer than mine."

"I will write you a list of everything if that means you'll forgive me for what happened at the carnival."

"Why should I? Would you forgive me if I did the same thing to you?"

"I'm sorry, Kaitlin."

"You bailed on me," she said. There was a concoction of emotions riddling her face but Steve could feel her sadness above everything else. "I go out my way for you and you treat me like we haven't

known each other since diapers – as if our parents don't have pictures of us in a bathtub together. And for what? Because you're mad at Nancy and can't deal?"

Her words hurt him. Mostly because she was telling the truth. Since Nancy left him Steve felt like he was a permanent citizen of the Upside Down. Nothing made sense and through his loneliness he had to tackle learning exactly who he was without someone. It sucked. But what sucked more was knowing that in the midst of his plight he'd fucked up the one consistent friendship his life had.

"I was drunk," he sighed. "Which I don't want to use as an excuse. Believe me, I know how it feels to have someone who you think cares about you say hurtful shit while they're drunk." That's what started the beginning of the end for his relationship with Nancy. "Friends don't ditch friends. I'm sorry, Kaitlin."

"You better be." She tilted her nose in the air, offering him an indignant pose. "I guess I can forgive you or whatever."

"I am going to make it up to you in the biggest way possible."

"You better."

He pulled her into the tightest hug ever given. It was an embrace that left no room between them. One where he could feel softness of her curves beneath her tie-dyed sweatshirt, and smell the sugary sweet lotion she used, and feel her breath tickle his ear. Wow, he felt good in her arms. Really good.

Wait, what?

No...

God, no.

"I've gotta go," Steve jerked from her touch and his hands instantly flew to protect the sight in the front of his pants. "I think I left the stove on."

"Okay." Kaitlin blinked. "Since when did you cook?"

"It's along story see you later enjoy the rest of your night."

Steve hauled ass to his car, mortified. In the pit of his stomach he felt the flutter of butterflies. Each step he took felt like he never hit the ground as was instead floating. This couldn't have been happening. There was no way this was happening.

Steve Harrington *liked* Kaitlin Sinclair.

Thanks for reading! Question:

What would be your dream date with Billy?

What would be your dream date with Steve?

I may or may not take inspo from it ;)

7. Poison

All chapters will now be named after songs from the 80s that inspired the chapter. This story takes place in '85 but I'm gonna use songs after that date because seriously, the 80s had some jams.

Chapter 7 - Poison

Your mouth, so hot. Your web, I'm caught.

Black Sabbath guitar solos and smoke filled Billy's Camaro. Reclining in his seat, he relaxed into its leather and puffed on his cigarette. As much as he tried not to, Billy's eyes slowly crept to the clock on his dashboard. This had been the third time he'd done so and swore to himself he wouldn't look again. He could've been doing better things with his time if all she was going to do was keep him waiting. Sure, it was only eight minutes into the lunch period, but those few minutes felt like hours.

"Knock, knock." Kaitlin popped her head into the opened passenger window. Against her eyes were his aviator glasses and along her lips was a smile that conquered her entire face. "I'm looking for a guy named Billy Hargrove. Mullet, bad attitude, likes to think he's a lot cooler than he actually is."

"Sounds familiar." He lifted the back of his seat and turned his music down low. "King of Hawkins?"

"So I've heard."

"Has a thing for Kaitlin Sinclair?"

Her glossy lips blew a large pink bubble using the wad of gum in her mouth. "If it wears a bra and breathes chances are Billy has a thing for her."

"If that's what you think of me we gotta change that."

Though that big bright smile of hers didn't fade, Billy saw Kaitlin stiffen. His advances were always met with a quiet unsteadiness. He

could understand her reservations, he was Billy Hargrove for crying out loud, but there was something between them. He could feel it. A ball of raw energy that would burst if left unchecked. Billy wanted to plunge into the deep end and see where things took him, but only if Kaitlin allowed him to dive in.

"You know why I'm here."

"Yeah, and you're late," Billy reminded.

"I didn't know this is where you ate lunch. I searched the entire cafeteria looking for you."

"Correct me if I'm wrong," he said, throwing his dying cigarette outside his window. "But those sound a lot like you problems and not me problems."

"You know what else this sounds like?" Kaitlin's response was quicker than he anticipated. She lowered her face further into the car and the sunlight sparkled in her brown eyes. "Sounds like someone doesn't want their glasses back."

"Ha, ha, very funny," he faked a few chuckles. "Hand them over, Sinclair."

"No." Spinning around, Kaitlin skipped away with Billy's glasses still in her possession. "See ya!"

Billy's actions were on autopilot. He turned off his car, hopped out, and followed Kaitlin's trail into the school. Tan lockers lined the vacant halls of Hawkins. Only the squeak of shoes scuffing freshly shined linoleum floors penetrated the still air. Teachers were in their classrooms, students were either in class or at lunch, that meant the rest of the school was theirs. Game on.

"I'm down to do this all day if I have to."

"Forget about it, Billy." She whipped her head over her shoulder and stuck her tongue out at him defiantly. "They're mine."

"The longer you make me wait, the worse it's gonna be for you."

"Get real." Her laugh made Billy's own lips bloom a smile. "I've seen you during gym, no way are you faster than me."

"Is that a challenge?"

"More like an irrefutable fact, loser."

She ran like a track star down the hall of the first floor. For a brief moment time stood still and so did Billy. He may have wanted his Ray Bans back but dammit he was still a man and Kaitlin's ass needed to be appreciated during a time like this. He reminded himself to breath. That girl knew how to wear a pair of Levis. It was entrancing.

She made a hard right into the stairwell and left Billy's sights. That's what caused him to crash back into reality. No way was he going to let her out run him. Not after all the shit she talked. Within seconds he was traveling up the staircase with ease, skipping every other step as he made his way to the second floor.

The upper hallways were just as quiet, only now Kaitlin was missing in action. Dammit. There was no way she could've disappeared that quickly. His eyes darted left and right, flying from classroom to classroom. He needed to find her. His heart and his pride wouldn't allow him to give up. Not now and not on her.

That's when Billy noticed a plain wooden door that no one would've thought twice about. No one except a smarty pants like Kaitlin. Written in a faded yellow on the upper half of the door was the title 'Janitor's Closet'. Luck had always been a kind friend to Billy.

He thought of a proper opening line for when he saw her. Something lewd? He could be sweet and see where that lead him. Nothing he rehearsed sounded good enough to him. What type of girl was Kaitlin Sinclair. The type who could punch him in the face but had never been to detention. Someone who could dance carelessly to synth funk music, but grew tense whenever showed attention. The woman was an algorithm he desperately wanted to solve.

Upon opening the door, Billy allowed fate to work itself out.

"So what now?" he teased, closing the door behind him. He leaned

against the exit. "There's only one way out and that's through me." The closet was pitch black. He couldn't see his own hand outstretched in the darkness, but within those four walls he could feel Kaitlin's presence. She was waiting, lingering all the way in the back.

On cue, a pitchy wail curled throughout the closet. It was low and guttural sounding exactly like an apparition you'd see in a horror movie. Billy couldn't help but laugh. What a nerd.

"It is I, the ghost that haunts the Janitor's closet." Kaitlin masked her voice to sound two octaves deeper than her usual light tone. "Leave now or risk the stealing of your soul."

"I can't," he said. "A friend has something of mine. It costed a pretty penny. Kaitlin Sinclair. You know her right?" He used her moves against her. "Curly hair, so sweet she could give a man cavities, helluva right hook?"

"There's no one in here besides - okay, forget it," Kaitlin dropped her terrible shtick in the middle of her sentence and her voice returned to normal. "Talking like that hurts my throat and it smells like bleach in here. I think I'm getting high off the fumes because my head feels like a hot air balloon. You win."

"Not yet. You know what I want. Come give it to me."

He heard her footsteps clamber over to him with little grace. The thwack of a mop's wooden handle hitting the floor, a bucket rolling into a corner, she knocked into several things on during her journey. This time he waited for her patiently, and like a wave against the shore, Kaitlin crashed into Billy. He refused to let her out of his gravity and he caught her hips with his hands.

"Looky what I found," he said. "I thought you said I wouldn't catch you."

"I was wrong, which is actually really shocking, but it guess it happens from time to time."

"You wanna know what I think I deserve, a prize."

"Your glasses?"

"Not cutting it any more."

"My dignity after a shameful defeat?"

"Delicious, but you have something else that I want."

They'd been in a similar position before, holding their breath, bodies fitting as perfectly as a ball to a glove, anticipation lingering between their lips. He was going to revel in the moment. Billy wouldn't allow her to become sand slipping through his fingers again.

"I'm into you, Kaitlin," he whispered, mouth positioned by her ear. "Tough."

"I..." Her words were lost somewhere in her mind. Her caress inched along Billy's chest and he succumbed to the tide of electricity that sparked beneath her touch. The softness of her fingers traced his jaw until she cupped his cheek. "You're trouble."

"Of course, I am." He dipped his head closer to hers. "Come get you a taste."

He kissed her, softly in the beginning, savoring the moment. Deeper he delved once he felt her push back. Softness wasn't what she wanted. He learned that as her fingers tangled into his hair and pulled ruthlessly. Their kiss became a war. A battle of whose mouth could capture the others. Her nails raking down his back, his hands closing in on her throat. She tasted of fire and it consumed him. He would gladly swim in her flames.

Then the bell rang.

He groaned as Kaitlin removed herself from him. Their hard breaths filled the void and the voices of students flooded the halls.

"Say something," she demanded.

He slid the glasses off her face. "Go out with me."

"What time?"

"Friday. Eight O'clock."

"Saturday is better."

"Saturday night it is."

"I should get going to class," Kaitlin breathed. "See you at gym."

That's how Billy scored a date with Kaitlin and he couldn't have been happier.

Thank you so much for reading.

What type of date would you want them to have?

I have in mind what I'm going to do, but I would love to incorporate some of y'all's ideas in there too because this is about us!

8. Love Is a Battlefield

Chapter 8 - Love Is a Battlefield

But if we get much closer, I could lose control

And if your heart surrenders, you'll need me to hold

I left the Janitor's Closet as sneakily as I could. With a crack of the door, I peered outside. Nothing. The bell may have rang, but the halls were still as empty as ever. I stumbled from the closet, knees weak and lips craving Billy's once more. I had to play it cool. Everything was normal.

"Woah!"

A male's voice that wasn't Billy's sucker punched me. To my left was an upperclassman. His mouth was agape and his eyes were sparkling with what he was witnessing.

"It was nothing!" I squeaked. He totally saw right through me.

"Righteous." He held up a fist, condoning our actions. "I'm telling everyone."

Before I could yell on the onlooker to wait, to change his mind, something, Billy pulled he into his hold. His fingertips held my waist and my back fell against his chest.

"Let them know," he whispered into my neck, planting a hot kiss that left me speechless. "Who cares?"

...

News at Hawkins High spread like wildfire. Everyone in the entire school knew what went down between Billy and I. My reputation was ruined. Ruined, I say. The death glares and venomous whispers from other girls let me know that no longer was I studious Kaitlin Sinclair. They were calling me easy.

Easy.

"Sooo..."

I gathered the last few books I needed from my locker before Steve closed it shut. He pressed his body against the cold metal and let out a few chuckles. My stomach flipped at the sound. He knew. Of course Steve knew about the kiss.

Rolling my eyes, I turned and headed for the school's exit. "Don't say a word."

"You and Billy Hargrove, huh?" Steve followed behind me until he caught up by my side. He guided my books away from my hands and carried them himself. Aww. He could be really sweet without even thinking about it. "Heard that you two played seven minutes in heaven today. Didn't think dick weeds who reeked of cigarette smoke were your type."

"I *know*," I sighed. "I'm an idiot, huh?"

"Totally." Steve didn't even try to make me feel better. Why would he? He couldn't stand Billy. "So what, are you two like a thing now?"

Yes. No. *No!*

It was just a kiss. A really hot one albeit, but that lip lock didn't change anything between us. We weren't dating. We weren't an item. We weren't even friends. Sure, we may have been going on a date later in the week, but that was just normal teenager fun. It would've been weird for me not to go. I deserved to have a good time. "It's complicated."

"Complicated?" he screeched. "Oh my god you both are screwing!"

"What! No! Not at all!"

"That's what complicated means, Kaitlin. Come on. It's where two people are screwing but don't put a title on it. Jesus." He clutched his heart. "You almost gave me a heart attack."

"You really think I'm that type of girl? I barely know him, Steve, come on."

"Can you blame me?" he said. "I saw the goo-goo eyes you both were giving each other at gym today."

"Whatever, we were not."

"Cross my heart, Sinclair." He drew a cross over his chest. "It's pretty safe to say that we all thought you both were gonna go at it in the middle of the room. Onlookers be damned." With his back, Steve opened the the double doors leading outside. "National geographic style."

We traveled down the stairs that lead into the student parking lot. "Nah, I think I wore him out from earlier."

"Bleh," Steve dry heaved, cheeks expanding as if he were holding in his bile. Swallowing hard, Steve sucked in a breath. "You hear that? That's the sound of me throwing up in my mouth. Don't worry it was just a little bit. Shouldn't have had the mystery meat at lunch today."

"At least you had lunch." My entire lunch period had been dedicated to Billy. I was starving. "Wanna grab something to eat?"

Steve tensed and fumbled to keep my books from spilling to the ground. His words came out a garbled mess. His cheeks turned a sweaty red color and he began speaking so fast that I could decipher a single syllable.

"Steve," I pressed my hand on his shoulder. "You don't have to say yes. It's okay if you don't want to."

"What? Of course I want to go." He took a deep breath. "I owe you, remember? Consider this part one of my groveling."

"Good." I tugged him in closer to me. "Because I want a burger and a milkshake and curly fries and-"

"For you? Whatever you want."

We walked through the parking lot and it was harder than I expected. With school being out, all the students had congregated outside which meant that all eyes were on me. Or so it felt. Flying under the radar was something it was used to.

"I think you're being watched." Even Steve noticed. "This is weird."

"Really weird, right!"

My academic career was filled with me tiptoeing between popular and unpopular. A floater is the term I'd given myself. There wasn't one particular clique I belonged to and I could hang with the nerds and the cheerleaders. But this was next level weird. My life wasn't something I wanted on display for everyone to scrutinize.

As we approached my car I knew things were going to get much much worse. Billy was there, chilling against the side of my Honda Civic. The smile on his lips turned to a scowl once he caught sight of me with Steve. He'd been waiting for me. Shit.

"Be nice," I whispered.

"Of course, I'll be nice," Steve said through a grin I knew was forced. He spoke to me through clenched teeth. "If he steps out of line my fist is going to be really friendly with his nose."

"Isn't this cute," Billy declared once we got closer to him. "I should've known this is what was taking you so long, Sinclair."

Steve shrugged. "You sound jealous."

"You sound like someone who needs to keep quiet." Billy pointed the tip of his unlit cigarette in Steve's direction. "Shut the fuck up."

"Steve is my friend." I said, clenching his shoulder tightly to keep him in place. "That's not going to change."

Billy laughed. "Really?"

"Really, really."

Billy bit his lip and squinted his eyes. Damn he was good looking. "And what are we, pussycat? Friends?"

"You tell me."

"Get in my car and let's find out together."

"Sorry to bust your balls," Steve said. "But we're getting food."

Why would Steve out me!?

"Food. You two?" Billy asked. "Let me guess, as friends right? Just. Friends."

I didn't know what he wanted to hear from me. "Friends eat food with each other."

"You're playing games with me, Kaitlin and I don't think you know who you're talking to because I love to play em back." he said. "I'll tell you what, I'm going to sit in my car and smoke this cigarette." He rolled the white stick between his index finger and thumb. "I want you in the passenger seat by the time I finish it. That's about the length of one Metallica song."

"You don't get to demand anything from me."

"If you were listening you'd know that I didn't demand shit. I said I *wanted* to see you there. You have every option to choose to go on your date with Steve." The spite in Billy's voice kept me quiet. I simply listened and didn't bother to correct him that Steve and I weren't going on a date. "But if you do that then that means I'm going to beat your ass, Harrington. In front of the entire school. I'm going to fuck you up. Have a nice day you two."

9. Rainbow in the Dark

Sorry about this being so choppy. This was originally much longer and I decided to split it into two because I didn't want to take too long to update.

Chapter 9 - Rainbow in the Dark

Do your demons, do they ever let you go?

There was no way in hell Kaitlin would listen to Billy.

Right?

"What should I do?" Kaitlin asked. Her sweet smile thinned into a line and Steve caught sight of the exasperation in her eyes when she looked to him for an answer.

He scratched the back of his head and silence fell from his lips. No way would he tell her what to do. At the end of the day it was her decision and hers alone. Besides, he had faith in his friend to make the right choice. "I don't knowwww," he stretched his words, "Situations like this never end well."

She watched the back of Billy's Camaro through slits. If she looked any harder the car probably would've caught in flames. "I should probably go with him, huh? He sounded pretty serious about those threats."

Steve was sure she didn't mean to hurt him, but he still felt sucker punched right in the chest. That was the wrong choice.

"Don't look at me like that." Kaitlin paired her demand with a somewhat playful hit to Steve's shoulder. "It's all good. Raincheck on dinner."

Steve fixed his face after realizing it was in a scowl. Disbelief was a bitch to conceal, and while his poker face may have been piss poor, Steve sacked up. "If that's what you want. Go."

"If that's what you want, go." Kaitlin mocked his tone with lips turned

upside down. "You got something to say, Steve, just say it, okay? I don't need you giving me dirty looks just like everyone else."

"Sorry, it's just that you're kind of blowing my mind right now. You get in that car and it's game over."

"You don't think I know that," she sighed. "It's not like he's giving me a choice."

"You're right, he gave you two." Steve heard himself. The jealousy, the anger – he was in a lose lose situation. "Billy... Billy can go to hell, alright. Calling him a piece of shit doesn't even accurately describe just how awful he is. Ignoring him is the best option you have right now so just do that."

"I ignore him and then he kicks your ass, Steve." Kaitlin's words were ruthless, like a knife slipping slowly into Steve's heart. This was just like when she called him an embarrassment at the carnival. She didn't mince her words at all. Maybe she didn't care about Steve leaving with his ego still in tact. "I don't want you getting hurt because of me. Duh."

"Kick my ass..." Disbelief boiled into anger and Steve knew what he had to do. Suddenly the picture was crystal clear. "You think that he's going to kick my ass?-"

"Can you stop being so prideful for once. "Look, I'm sorry if what I said made you upset-"

"-Hold on, give me a second, you're kind of dropping a bomb on me. *You* think he can kick my ass? That's pretty nuclear, Kaitlin." Steve's pulse pounding in his ear drowned out the sound of heavy metal floating from Billy's douchey car. He shoved Kaitlin's books into her hands and rolled up the sleeves to his denim jacket. "Let's go see."

In front of the entire school, Steve was going to kill Billy. He knew the taste of defeat at the hands of Billy one too many times, but this was different. This was for not only his pride, but to save one of his closest friends.

He could see those stupid aviator glasses make eye contact with him

through the side mirror. Quickly, Billy hopped out his car, only halfway, and turned to greet Steve as he approached. He was going to make him eat those fucking glasses.

"Look at you go, Harrington!" He celebrated with a round of applause. "Finally found your balls?"

"Go back in the car, Billy!" Kaitlin ordered. She hurled herself onto Steve, latching one of her arms around his. Her death grip kept him in place. "Steve, stop, please."

He thought about listening to her. Maybe this was a sign from God to be the bigger man...

"Check this out, Steve Harrington is so much of a pussy, a girl can hold him back," Billy taunted.

Nope. Now wasn't the time for compassion.

Steve yanked one of Kaitlin's books from beneath her arm and hurled it with every piece of strength within him. He launched the textbook at Billy like a first string quarterback. It spiraled in the sky with perfection. The spring air carried it to its designated target. Billy jerked to the side, dodging the attack by barely an inch, but what the book *did* destroy was so much sweeter.

The side mirror to Billy's car was obliterated. Seriously fucked. It dangled limply against the body of Billy's car, held on only by cables and sheer luck. The mirror was cracked and unusable.

"Oh, shit." Kaitlin's hand fell from Steve's arm and the rest of her books dropped against Steve's feet.

"Hey, Billy?" Steve celebrated. "How's AP Calculus taste?"

...

Shock. That's what Billy felt stealing away his power to speak. It was the kind of power only his father had over him and it's what held his body in a vice grip, keeping his movements paralyzed. He simply couldn't believe it. His car, his *baby*, one of the last remaining pieces in this world that reminded him of his mom before she...

Fuck that.

His personal belongings had been destroyed, by Steve Harrington no less, and his father was going to bitch up something real nice for him once he found. Didn't matter how it happened or why, Billy knew that it would end with a foot up his ass and invisible bruises and for that and that alone, Steve was about to end up in a hospital.

Shock switched to rage like a traffic signal and Billy charged at Steve once getting the green light. He felt the gravel dig into his shoes, and the anger flowing around him like air. The next thing he was going to feel was Steve's blood coating his knuckles.

"Touch him and see what happens," Kaitlin said.

Billy blinked and did a double take. Between him and his target was Kaitlin, and he would never put his hands on a woman. Her voice pulled him back firmly onto the ground like a tether and her open hand pushed into his chest. He took a step away.

"Sounds like a dare to me."

"Then go ahead." She shoved him again. "Hit him and see what I'm capable of."

"Oh, I'd love to see what you're capable off, Sinclair."

"The get in the car." The tone of her voice shifted drastically, but the heat in her eyes remained. She bit her lip. "And I'll show you."

"Kaitlin-"

"Shut up, Steve!" she snapped. It was harsh and would've made Billy jump had her words not captivated him. God knew the only weakness Billy had in this world was women. She ran her hand along his chest. The same place she'd previously shoved him. The mixture of pain and pleasure made him weak at the knees. "Your move."

She cleared the distance between him and Steve and walked over to his car. If Billy *really* wanted to, he could've knocked Steve out right then and there, but then he wouldn't have ever known what Kaitlin had planned. It was a mystery he was going to solve.

"This isn't over." Billy mouthed to Steve, backing away slowly. It was inevitable. The two were going to have a discussion using only their fists. Now wasn't the time. "Wait and see."

Billy loved watching the suffering in Steve's eyes almost as he loved getting into the car with Kaitlin.

10. What's Love Got to Do with It

Thank you so much for reading and staying with this story through sporadic updates. I haven't given up on the story. Just swamped.

Chapter 10 - What's Love Got to Do with It

"That it's only the thrill of boy meeting girl. Opposites attract."

The taste of Billy's lips against my own made me question my sanity. It was intoxicating, to be honest. Being desired sure as hell beat straight As and college prep.

Maybe everyone at Hawkins was right – I was easy. And while my reputation was important to me, feeling Billy's smooth abs beneath my fingertips held more of a stake in my life currently. Besides, it was apparent just how jealous they were. I was making out in a car with the most popular guy in school. *Me!* There was power in that.

"Apologize to me," I whispered through broken kisses.

"Kaitlin Sinclair," he hummed, dragging his teeth along the slope of my neck. "I am so..." He kissed hollow of my throat. "So..." He pulled down the collar of my sweatshirt and kiss any freshly exposed skin. "Sorry."

See? That was power.

"Just how sorry are you?"

"Want me to spell it out for you?" he grinned. "It's a little cramped in here, but I think-"

"Apologize to Steve."

"Ha!" His laugh bounced off the four walls of his car harder than his rock music.

"I'm not joking, Billy," I said. "Apologize to Steve and to Lucas."

Instantly the mood changed to something sour. Maybe I should've played guitar because by the look in Billy's eyes and the crease of his brow I struck a chord.

When his hand left my waist to turn off his music I could've started a riot. "No."

"No." I couldn't help but mock the hardness in his voice. "It's not like I'm asking you to put on a tutu and perform the march of the sugarplum fairies. I'm just asking you to give a shit."

"Do you see the fucking mirror dangling against my car right now?"

He was unbelievable. "That never would've happened if you weren't throwing out ultimatums."

"It isn't going to happen. Not in a dream. Not in a nightmare. Not in an alternate dimension. Never gonna happen." It was hard to believe that Billy was that blind and spiteful. Even with me sitting in his lap, inches away from his lips that were tinted in my lipgloss, he couldn't put aside whatever macho bullshit he was harvesting for my sake. "And as for Lucas, he kneed me in the nuts, you punched me, and Max stabbed me in the neck with a syringe. I'd call us about even."

"Max stabbed you?"

"Ohhh, you didn't know?" Even though his tone was condescending, I couldn't believe what I was hearing. What happened that night was a mystery to me. "Steve and that fucking loser's club are into something and it's something strange. Ask him yourself. Better yet, ask Lucas and see what he tells you."

"We can all talk about it together so long as you apologize."

"Is this all you came out here for?" With the squinting of his eyes and the souring of his lips, I knew Billy figured out my teeny tiny plan - say whatever I had to to get him away from Steve and then coerce him to admit he was wrong. "That was stupid of you to waste your time like that."

"So is that a no?"

"Have you not been listening to a single word I've been saying?"

"Okay then!" Maneuvering from his lap back into the passenger seat took some effort, but I managed. Billy didn't deserve my kisses or my time. Not until he could own up to his mistakes and be mature about them. "You and I have nothing to talk about. That date of ours is off and until you say you're sorry Lucas and Steve, don't talk to me. Don't talk to me, don't look my way, nothing. We're done. You don't exist to me."

"Do you think that actually means something? You don't tell me what to do and not to burst your prissy little bubble, ignoring you would be the easiest part of my day."

"Get real," I scoffed, covering my hurt emotions with anger and sarcasm. "*I'm into you, Kaitlin. Tough.* Sound familiar? It should since it only happened five hours ago."

"And then what? You were tonging me down weren't you?" he scoffed. "We weren't shit to begin with."

That hurt. All this time I was wrestling with whether the spark between us was something substantial or if I was just another number to him. I may have ignored the warning signs before, but this time I heard him loud and clear.

"No, *you* weren't shit to begin with." I shouldn't have stopped to his level, but my pride got in the way. "I'm college bound."

"Oh, oh wow, good for you. Good for fucking you." With every clap he gave, my lust to punch him in his face intensified. "Kaitlin Sinclair is going to college, something literally everyone in the fucking world does."

"Really? I didn't know Barnum and Bailey was Ivy League."

"Don't act like you know a goddamn thing about me. You don't."

"Facts are facts, Hargrove. In five months I'll be out of this goddamn town and you'll still be here, pumping someone's gas."

He tossed his upper half over my seat and threw open the passenger

door. "Get out."

Was he trying to make me walk?

"No way."

"Get out of my car."

"You're taking me back to school, Billy. I'm not walking all the way there."

"Get the fuck out of my car, Kaitlin."

Fine!

I grabbed my belongings and started my walk back to school where my car was. Each step became heavier and heavier and the thought of crying burned my eyes. None of this was making sense. We were great when the day started and just like that everything was over.

For ten minutes I walked down the quiet street before Billy's car flew down the road and caught up beside me. A part of me was relieved. I just want to argue and I damn sure didn't want to walk all the way to my car. For a second I thought we were actually going to make up, but as he rolled down his window and stuck his head out, screaming like a mad man, I knew he wasn't going to make things right. Things were only about to get worse.

"Fuck you!" He bellowed my direction. "Fuck you, Kaitlin!"

"No, fuck you!" I screamed back, emptying all of my rage into that scream. "Asshole!"

He sped off, leaving me to choke on the fumes of his car and my anger.

Hopefully I made it back to my car before it got dark.

11. Love Is For Suckers

I'm still writing this story. I just got super duper over critical about it as I write it. I didn't like how I rushed Billy and Kaitlin starting their romance and then ending it. Dah well. Consider this chappie the end of act one. The next chapters start off fresh. Things may change. Billy and Kaitlin may go right back to liking each other. Who knows.

Chapter 11 - Love Is For Suckers

"Well, well, well, if it isn't little miss perfect."

It was official – my life was a literal disaster.

I reeked of failure, desperation, and sweat from the long trek back to Hawkins. And yes, it was dark by the time I made it to my car.

My day was ruined and to top it all off I still had homework. Like, what's the point of doing homework if you already got accepted into college?

I couldn't make it three feet into my own home to have my entire family, sitting there, waiting for me. Sure they were all watching Wheel of Fortune, but I just knew I was in trouble.

"I'm sorry alright. I should've called or something. But in my defense this is a first time sort of thing so I'm thinking a slap on the wrist is punishment-"

"Shhhh!" Erica cut me off. "We're watching TV. Duh."

"Steve already told us you'd be late, sweetie," Mom said.

Steve? He didn't narc on me. Not when I saved his ass today.

"He what?!"

"I told her about how you were staying late to tutor Cindy Lang." Steve appeared from out of the kitchen. He wore a stanky smirk on his face and his eyes gleamed with bright light that totally said I-

saved-your-ass-right-now. "Here's your beer, Mr. Sinclair."

Right before my eyes Steve handed my dad a beer. Today surely had to have been some kind of joke. I'd go to bed tonight and wake up to restart this day all over again and do it right. If Bill Murray got to do it, so could I.

"What are you doing here, Steve?"

"That's a pretty rude way to say thank you, Kaitlin."

"Not when you're the reason I had to tutor, *Steven*."

"Steven?"

"Mhm."

"We're going there? Fine. You were stuck tutoring, because you don't know how to let a man be a man."

"A man be a man?! Are you crazy?"

"EXCUSE ME!" Erica clapped her hands and somehow managed to silence everyone in the room. "We are watching TV! That means anyone not solving the puzzle needs to lock their lips and throw away the key!"

"Let them fight," Lucas said. "This is better than guessing letters."

My dad joined in on the let's-taunt-Kaitlin-party. "Better than the WWF too."

I poked Steve in his scrawny chest. "In my room. Now."

"After you." Steve motioned his arm to the stairs like some courtly servant.

The Hargrove household was engulfed in a screaming match. Smothered from wall to wall in anger and hatred. Namely between Billy and Neil. The other two were coward off in a corner, pretending to not witness the dysfunction. Billy damn well knew weren't gonna

stop it because they were cowards.

"Worthless!" Neil screamed, chucking his beer can at Billy's head. He narrowly escaped the attack, jerking from his position against the kitchen wall. Beer sprayed onto his face as the can exploded in a hiss of alcohol upon impact.

"Leave me alone." Billy's voice matched that of his father's. Loud and impending. His actions betrayed his grandeur. Afraid, he backed away, leaving the kitchen to find a piece to breathe. "I'm going to my room."

Neil yanked the back of Billy's collar. It felt like a noose as he was tossed into a wall.

"What did I tell you about walking away from me?" He didn't know who the man barricading him was. He didn't feel any blood relation to him. It couldn't have been his father. "We've spoken about this. Respect."

"I said it was an accident. What do you want me to do, go back in time and magically fix the car?"

He knew the slap was coming as the words left his lips.

Pain heated the side of Billy's face and a flash of white momentarily swept his vision. When he came to, he didn't move. He stood still. Strong, but frightened. Like the soldier his father always wanted him to become.

"I'm done tolerating your bullshit. You're lazy, arrogant, and I'm not going to allow you to become a waste to society no matter how much you may want to. Honestly, how long do you plan on keeping up this act?" Neil said. The redness of his face, the sweat on his brow, Billy had no reason but to believe him.

"Three months-"

"Three months and you're gone. I've heard the story. With what money? You leave those doors that means you're a man. That means you don't ask me for my money. Where you gonna go? No one is going to take in a fuck up like you except the army."

It was almost as if Neil forgot Billy had family still on his mother's side that would look out for him. As for money, Billy was quick on his feet. He could drive as far as his Camaro would take him then flirt his way into something substantial. Any plan was better than the hell he currently lived in.

He wouldn't ever let his dad know just how serious his plans were. No one would know until he was long gone, barely a thought in anyone's mind.

"You're on thin fucking ice. You know, I don't know who you inherited this shit from. I never put my old man through this because I respected him as my father. No wonder your mother left us."

That hurt worse than anything physical Neil could ever inflict. Neil only spoke about his exwife, Billy's long abandoned mother, whenever they got into spats. He used her as a weapon. Every time it killed a piece of him.

"No, sir," Billy could all but whisper. His throat burned and as a result he barely was able to speak. Something warm trickled down his face. For the love of God, he hoped he wasn't crying. He'd never give anyone the satisfaction of seeing him cry.

He reached up to his face and couldn't believe the red staining his fingers. He was bleeding. Looking to Neil, he saw the gold band along his finger was also coated red. His wedding ring had cut Billy's eyebrow.

"It was an accident," Billy said. "I can fix it this weekend."

His dad, who was a mechanic, passed down his tricks of the trade to Billy. Which made all of this the more infuriating. The car could be put back together. Everything could be fixed.

The tip of Neil's finger brushed against the middle of Billy's head. "Don't let this happen again."

"Yes, sir."

Billy finally allowed himself to breathe once his father left.

He hated his life.

"I hate my life."

"Come on." Steve offered me a smile. I had never really realized it, but Steve had one of those smiles that illuminated his entire face. His brown eyes were sweet and his white teeth sparkled so hard I swore I heard a *ting* as he did it. Colgate needed to sponsor him. Needless to say, his smile almost made me feel better had my life not turned into a cesspool of gossip and tumultuous relationships. "Could be worse."

I kicked off my chucks and swan dived into my bed. "Name one thing that could be worse for me that has an actual possibility of happening."

"You could fail your chemistry test coming up."

As if. "That's impossible. Even in an alternate dimension."

"Is there room on that bed for two?" Steve hung his head low, arms folded as he stood next to my poster of Whitney Houston. Yeah right, that puppy dog thing wasn't about to work.

"Maybe? Got any apologies you want to get out?"

He frowned. "I'm really sorry."

He may have said the magic words, but I wasn't believing that crap anymore.

"That seems to be a reoccurring theme with you, Steve. Sorry is supposed to be like, a one time dealio. When it starts becoming reoccurring, you're no longer sorry, but just some sort of shitty capsule of a person. A- a dickhead."

His eyes grew wide. "You're calling me a dickhead?"

"I guess so."

"There's a lot of shit going on with me right now, Kat. A lot. Graduation. What I'm going to be doing with the rest of my life.

Figuring out who I am now that I'm alone. Not that that's any excuse or anything, it's just where my mental is at right now."

I sat there and listened. I mean, I really took in everything Steve had just told me, but the problem was, I didn't care. Because not once did it feel like my feelings were taken into account. Not with him nor with Billy. Had this happened to me maybe a month ago I probably would've accepted his apology at face value because that's what someone nice would've done.

But since that night in at the carnival when Steve called me little miss perfect or whatever the hell it was, I couldn't help but realize it was the truth. I lived in a world curated on perfection. Perfect grades. Perfect college. Don't speak too harshly or people may get their feelings hurt. But what about fucking me? I'd spent so long thinking everything would come easy to me and in just a few short weeks the bubble bursted. I'd needed to let the facade of perfection disappear.

Because the fact of the matter was, Steve couldn't handle my relationship with Billy and Billy was an asshole. My feet hurt. My back was killing me. And no one gave a singular fuck.

My next words to Steve were easy. "Get out."